



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LHI
Y2
L9

STORAGE
J1W

B 483.073 C

VOL. XXVII.

NO. III.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudetur YALENSE
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1861.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.

City Agent, T. H. Pease.

PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCLXI.

CONTENTS.

A Trio of Questions Partly Answered,	- - - -	75
THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY,	- - - -	84
The Self-Made Man,	- - - -	94
On Reading Webster's Plymouth Rock Oration,	- -	97
Base-Ball vs. Boating,	- - - -	97
My Fleet,	- - - -	100
College Anomalies,	- - - -	100
Battle of Ball's Bluff,	- - - -	105
Charlotte Brontë,	- - - -	106
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA,	- - - -	111
EDITOR'S TABLE,	- - - -	118

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

DECEMBER, 1861.

No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '62.

George H. Beard,

Richard Skinner,

William Hampson,

John P. Taylor.

A Trio of Questions partly answered.

I PROPOSE to speak in a familiar way of *three* queries that in various forms and under various aspects present themselves to the mind of us all. I say I propose to *speak* of these subjects, and I use the word with intention, for I do not presume to solve these problems, to reduce them under general and manifest rules, to give satisfactory advice in regard to them, or even to present any new or original ideas. My design in this article is merely to record a few of the perplexities that are ever intruding upon our pathway, and to paint these as they manifest themselves to our vision, with the hope that perhaps some few whose experience has been similar, may read and feel an interest in them, simply through a natural, and perhaps, unconscious sympathy.

Reader, it is too much to expect that you will take the time or pains to peruse all or half this essay. College compositions, generally speaking, derive nearly all their interest from their association with the authors. We wish to see how the young colts can gallop; therefore we read their literary efforts—then come criticism, pity or praise. This YALE LIT. is after all nothing but an intellectual gymnasium, where performers may publicly exhibit their mental power and progress. Have you not often noticed that the first thing you do when you open the LIT. is to look at the end of every article to see the names of the authors? Perhaps then you run over carelessly the piece, commencing in the middle and reading both ways, and soon lay

the Magazine aside. Now and then, when some subjects strike your eye, of peculiar, individual interest to yourself, you may go so far as to wade through an entire essay. And now, I am going to converse on paper, for a few moments, on three topics that have been and still are the burden of my own thoughts, with the hope that as you glance hastily over these pages, you may find one or more that reflects to some imperfect degree, your own inner experience. If so, very likely you will read it, not to gain information, or assistance, but only for sympathy's sake.

The first and fundamental Question that we find hard to solve, is *whether it is best to go to College at all.*

This question is always answered in the affirmative before you enter these cloisters either by yourself or by your guardian, but as you advance in your course, you get wearied with close, plodding study; you long for a change; your mind gets more matured and begins to think for itself and feel its way along; you find you have been living on faith heretofore, swallowing every pill your betters offered, asking no questions for obedience's sake. Once you were all faith, now you are all doubt; once all hope, now all despair; once all enthusiasm, now all despondency; once all satisfaction, now all unrest. This questioning is the natural reaction from the trustfulness and confidence of youth; the bud is opening, the flower is blossoming.

A grey-haired professor in Yale once remarked, that, "as a general rule, college graduates were not as successful in politics as the self-educated; that there was a kind of prejudice *prima facie* in the community against the best educated men for public office." Is this so? The observation of each one will answer for itself. One thing is certain, the majority of successful professional men in our land are college graduates. In some way or other they gain advantage by these four years here. Some think it is all in the name of the thing—that there is an *éclat* to a diploma. In these days, when a private soldier returns home, after having served in actual battle, he is made captain of the first new company that is formed, because he has smelt powder and knows the rules. The world supposes we are strengthening and perfecting our minds here, gaining knowledge and mental strength; therefore it appoints us as leaders in its intellectual armies. But we really do gain strength and power that fits us for duty in the living, actual world.

I think it is Prof. Park, of Andover, who says that the self-educated man is only half educated. Still, if you wish for examples of undiplomated greatness, history will furnish them. Carlyle went to the

University, it is true, but not to pursue the course prescribed. He read on his own account for awhile and then retired in supreme disgust. Shakspeare's name adorns no Triennial; Franklin never signed a Matriculation oath—his diploma was common sense. Yet these exceptions are not general rules; they only establish the rule, that for the great majority, this hard and dry course in Yale will be invaluable in the struggles of life.

Do not then despise or neglect these golden opportunities. As you step forth from Commencement stage, and enter the serried ranks drawn up in battle array, you will find no cause for repenting your training exercises here, your rigorous discipline, for in the throng of contestants and the might of opposition all the firmer you can stand; no cause for despising your elaborate and costly armor, for the thick-flying darts that strew the arena with your comrades, unprotected, though equally brave, harm not you; no cause for begrudging the loss of these precious years, for the campaign, while a little briefer, will be brilliant with victories, intenser in its operations, and the spoils and trophies of success shall make happy thy age.

The *second Question* that we find hard to solve is, *whether we should aim at success in scholarship, or in general literary attainment.* This topic is very suggestive, for it is intimately allied with nearly all the other doubts and queries that occur to us in our educational course.

As we advance in our studies, we see that there is a tendency here to undervalue scholarship as such, and to bestow all our worship and admiration on the more brilliant and showy manifestations of intellect. A powerful argument, a witty essay, a fascinating poem, (which by the way, usually give Yale a wide berth,) an eloquent oration—these charm us more than scores of faultless rehearsals in Euclid. And no wonder they do so. Is it not apparent to every observing man, that to *create* is more God-like than to compile? Do we not see that very many of the keenest and brightest scholars are yet small, narrow-minded men; running ever in the rut their ancestors wore before them, giving no promise of eminence in future, or even of respectability? Do we not, on the other hand, see that some of the miserable reciters are possessed of the breadth and vigor of mind, the power of analysis and investigation, the affluence of fancy, and richness of expression that seem to point unmistakably to usefulness and fame? And seeing these things, how many an ambitious and conscientious student, throws down his Homer and Playfair, his Plato and Olmsted, and flies to his pen and his library; exchanges with joy his lexicon

and logarithms for Dickens and Byron : his habits of committing for habits of composing ; the ready recitation gives way to the fluent and graceful speech. This is the experience of many, more particularly on entering the second Collegiate year—then these reactions appear in their greatest intensity and vigor. With the opening of Senior Year the pendulum begins to swing back again. Again he courts scholarship and endeavors, as best he may, to regain the ground already lost. His idea now is the correct one. Before, he studied from a blind adherence to custom, now from an intelligent conviction of its necessity. But if you desire examples of eminence without scholarship, there are very many that present themselves in nearly every high calling. Ik Marvel, though a brilliant writer in College, was yet among the poorest of his class in the daily recitations ; N. P. Willis, according to his own confession, spent his days here in reading, and his evenings at balls ; A. L. Stone, the popular and successful preacher, just succeeded in obtaining a Colloquy appointment, which he fulfilled with great credit to himself and the occasion.

All these men have been successful, remarkably so, each in his own sphere—but none of them are scholars, none of them are regarded as authorities on any subject where the method, accuracy and taste that sound scholarship cultivates are required. We might cite examples from among the alumni of our sister institutions, and the result of our investigations would always be the same. Now the true doctrine is that scholarship, though not a power of itself merely, is yet a great *accession to power*. This may be illustrated by the analogy of the physical constitution. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is a maxim both old and true, but still some of the greatest minds of every age have been encased in delicate tabernacles. Yet the general law holds good and ever must, that a strong body is essential to healthy and vigorous mental activity. The exceptions, with which we are all familiar, have succeeded in spite of physical weakness ; how much greater and better they might have been, fortified and assisted by more animal power, no one can determine. Precisely so with the subject we are discussing. What our frame work of clay is to manhood, such is scholarship to the intellect. And yet how often do we hear cited the example of such men as those above mentioned, to prove that to neglect our regular duties here is to insure success hereafter ; and how many there are who are carrying out this recipe to perfection—thus servilely imitating the failings of great men without even attempting to emulate their excellencies.

No, if your ambition is in society to become an influential and useful

citizen, or at the bar to win laurels of glory ; or in the ministry to bring home with joy your precious sheaves from the sacred harvest ; or in science to be an immortal benefactor to humanity by alleviating its physical woes ; or in literature to plant deep those truths whose fruits the ages shall pluck ; or in education to stamp a noble individuality on the world's present and future—if to any one of these ideals you aspire, then neglect not here within College walls to lay broad and sure the foundation of an accurate and massive scholarship. And this you can do without ignoring the general literary culture to which reference has been made. One of our respected professors has made the assertion, that the majority of eminent and useful alumni are to be found among the *oration and dissertation men*. Now it is unquestionable that any one of good abilities can take this stand and find much time remaining at his own disposal.

The third question that presents itself is, *what kind of literary discipline will be most serviceable* for us—how to read, how to write, how to think. Probably very many, on glancing at this third head, will pass it over entirely, feeling that the topic is worn out and scarcely worth discussing. But after all, is there any question that more perpetually harasses us ? Does it not cross our pathway at every step and compel us to look it in the face ? Is it not then peculiarly appropriate that it should be treated of here, even though no original or suggestive ideas are presented ? The reading of the English Student is different, entirely different from ours. He studies Milton and Shakspeare, Bacon and Spencer, the fathers of English prose and poesy, we skim over Dickens and Bulwer, Macaulay and Irving, the sparkling romances that fitly represent at once the nervousness and the brilliancy of the age. We find it easier to loll over Titcomb and Holmes, over Curtis and Hawthorne, than to grapple with the eternal truths and principles evolved by the bright geniuses of the affluent age of the English mind—easier, much easier, to ramble at leisure in the flower gardens of modern art, to cull the fragrant blossoms, inhale the delicious odors and enjoy the intoxicating loveliness of the scenery, than to plunge alone into the venerable and sturdy groves that centuries have matured, there to work out our own paths, and drink in the richness and beauty of the mighty forest growths.

Our tastes here are not wholly correct—our tendencies are downward. The slightest observation will show every one that there is no necessary connection between reading and thought. We see about us every day, numbers who have read almost every thing—history, poetry, philosophy, all the familiar works of our libraries—more than that,

are incessantly reading night and day, yet it seems to do them no good whatever. Their compositions are meagre and dry, their debates are dull and lifeless—in them we see no power, no beauty, no originality. On the other hand, we see those of strong original minds, who with scarcely any general acquisitions, have yet a power of creating and a felicity in expressing thought that excite our admiration. No, it is not reading that makes a man. Indeed, some have the faculty of swallowing books in the same way as the German imbibes his lager; the facts seem to go *through* them not *in* them—they may be bloated, they cannot be strong. To attempt to give any general rule for the guidance of all is simply impossible, but there are one or two suggestions of not a little value. First, magazine literature, as a mass, we should avoid as we would the plague—to indulge in it excessively is to destroy the power of memory, of concentration, of originality; in fact to destroy all the “bark and steel” of intellect. It is said that Longfellow will scarcely ever open an ordinary newspaper, but prefers to gain his knowledge of the current news by conversation. Secondly, we should usually read those works only that will bear, nay, even demand continual re-perusals. Of course for any one to skim over every new work for the sake of saying he has read it, is as absurd as for the starving man to boast of the variety of delicacies he has formerly tasted, or for the traveler freezing on the Alpine summits to descant on the beautiful coats he has once tried on at the ready-made clothing stores.

The question of style in composition is quite a difficult one to answer with any satisfaction. I think that every one's style, after it is fully formed, should be a transcript of his own individuality—the expression of his own character. As for models, are there any better, easier, or truer than the various types of conversation? He is a perfect conversationalist who can vary at will his manner and expressions, according to the various circumstances of society, of subjects and occasions. On one theme he will discourse with pathos, on another with humor, on one with clauses finely balanced, and phrases choicely selected, on another with startling antitheses, brilliant metaphors and felicitous illustrations; in one circle he will speak with caution and judicious reserve, in another with freedom and reckless abandon—through all and in all there will course the vein of his own personality, distinct, prominent and unmistakable. Thus some subjects will best be arrayed in the distorted English and poetic Germanisms of Carlyle; others will best approach us with the even, ambling trot of the Spectator; others in the gorgeous and brilliant adornings of Macaulay; others still in the elegant dishabille, the lackadaisical garb of the

"Country Parson"—for each one of these various suits there should be a distinctive fit, a peculiar cut that will always ensure an easy and unerring recognition. You remember the remark of Dr. Johnson, that the model conversationalist is one who leaves on his audience only an agreeable and profitable impression. This rule will apply to dress and general behavior; why will it not apply with equal force to our style in composition, which after all is but the garniture of thought?

I have found it a very interesting and profitable discipline to observe with care the style and expression of poor or ordinary writers in class compositions, for the purpose of asking myself in what particular they fail. And strange though it may seem, it is often very difficult to tell just where the faults really lie. Their pieces are dull, their style intolerable, yet it is hard to place the finger on the specific failings that mar the effect.

Our style is too bare in Yale. Every one that reads this will agree with me in this assertion, yet just so often will every one of you pour out all the vials of your scorn on the unfortunate one who happens to transgress our orthodox standard. To make truth palatable or useful to the world at large, it must be adorned, amplified and set off, that it may be seen, felt and understood. It may be objected that we thus descend and pander to the weaknesses of humanity. Bacon somewhere states in substance, that in mankind there is more of foolishness than wisdom, and to gain success we must avail ourselves of this fact. A very poor consolation it is for a minister that his discourses are at least elaborated with care and pregnant with thought, though his congregation do not or will not evince the slightest appreciation of their depth or power. But this is the only solace that many of our graduates have in prospect as they step forth into life.

Well, this task is ended, and no one is more rejoiced than the author. Various will be the criticisms flung at this humble essay as it walks trembling forth before the College world. Some will gaze a moment on its attenuated figure, say it is too long for its breadth, and pass it sneeringly by; some will pause with vacant curiosity, examine an arm or a leg, and then form their judgment of its strength or weakness; some, perhaps, will notice with care its appearance and character, and resolve they never will again thus waste their energies—but by far the greatest number will roughly seize it as soon as it comes within reach, tauntingly ask its birth and parentage, and then condemn it to groan and die in some dismal cell, amid the bones and ashes of scores of companions of the same species, who in like manner have been born, lived and died before it.

G. M. B.

THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

The Influence of General Culture on Professional Life.

BY DANIEL HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, WORCESTER, MASS.

It is the bold dictum of a modern philosopher, that History, so universal and virtually complete in its spirit, may become a branch of *a priori* knowledge and as being the record of the continuous development of one race, the unfolding of a single idea in the Divine mind, may be written beforehand by the mind which has grasped in fullness this original and dominant idea. If we shrink from believing with this philosopher, that the human mind can become thus perfectly possessed of the organic idea of History, we shall recognize the existence of such an idea or plan as the only solution of History and the basis of its coherence, completeness and universality. We shall find it of equal value in our present attempt to discuss the relations and necessities of a single department of human activity, to remember the object to which *all* human activity, individual and social, should look as its appropriate and justifying result. The highest welfare, the last perfection of the individual man, we must be persuaded, is the object for which the material world was called into existence, for which human society with all its relations and institutions is valuable, to which all the discipline and appointments of life infallibly point.

Man, by virtue of his position as the ultimate object of all social arrangements, is likewise the premonition and prophecy of all that exists in society. He who should so acquaint himself with a single individual soul, that he could discern its capacities, mark its affinities, and apprehend its tendencies, would become potentially possessed of the entire panorama of human society as seen in the present or contained in the future. He would be able at once to refer all the complicated frame-work of society to its living source, and place upon each member and organ its appropriate value as determined by its efficiency in accomplishing the true purposes of human life. Look at the commonest features and facts of society. The primal personal rights of civil society, what is their basis and aim? The right to property, to liberty, to life, why are they valuable beyond estimate? Is it not because deprived of these, man is unable to promote efficiently his own high calling as a spiritual being, while, possessed of them, the needful conditions and auxiliaries of his life-work are secured? These rights

become sacred and inviolable only when viewed as the fitting and necessary means to higher spiritual ends. Turn now to the activities of social life; to the callings and professions which absorb the present life of most of us. Consider what is the only worthy end for which they exist and should be pursued. Do not the most menial and un-noticed pursuits become invested with something of dignity, when we view them as constituents in the vast system which has for its warrant and end, the education and development of man's higher nature? And do not those callings of life, in themselves the most dignified, gain in such a view an elevation and attractiveness which they must miss until we connect them with the high and sacred ends which they promote?

Man is the possessor of a varied nature. He has, in virtue of his material body, sensual appetites and necessities; in virtue of his mind, intellectual capacities and desires; in virtue of his soul, spiritual tendencies and longings. From this complicate and varied nature, as the organic impulse, spring all those diverse activities and pursuits which mark a civilized community. The series is graduated and complete. All the parts, as agents in the same final result, are stamped with nobility, yet those pursuits which are most remote in their nature from the end they subserve, we justly rank as lowest. In a just sense, so far as concerns the nature of his calling, he who labors in those pursuits which minister directly to our intellectual or moral activity and growth, lives a nobler life than he who labors to supply the perishable necessities of corporeal existence. It is true indeed that the inherent nature of a pursuit is sometimes overcome and transmuted by the powerful presence of a high purpose. When, however, we have reference to the peculiar nature of the different vocations, we think we do not speak amiss in placing those pursuits which are popularly entitled *the professions*, highest in the scale of worth and nobility.

Fixing it then clearly in our thoughts, that there is but one proper ultimate object for all human endeavor, let us examine that special field of intellectual life and labor which the professions properly embrace, let us aim to discover the distinctive nature of professional life, and if we find peculiar wants, intellectual or spiritual, arising out of the practice of the professions, let us attempt to show from what sources these wants may be best supplied.

The professions, like all the social arrangements, have their primitive source in the necessities of organized society. Their function is to meet certain wants and discharge certain offices which arise from the exigencies of every civil community. Requiring for their adequate

and successful practice, as well as developing by that practice a comparatively high degree of intellectual discipline and power, they present a preëminent claim to our respect and patronage. As scenes and occasions of mental exercise and vigor, all must feel their nobleness ; as determining the mental faculties to the highest energy and thus to the highest education, no one will dispute either their attractiveness or utility. Like all pursuits or branches of knowledge, they are to be viewed in themselves and in their relations to society.

In themselves the professions are valuable in so far as they are conducive to the mental cultivation of the individual. Herein lies the peculiar charm and value of the liberal professions. We see their truest dignity when we view them, not as subordinate instruments in the mere mechanism of society, but as furnishing *in themselves* the finest arenas of mental practice and inducing the completest control of the mental powers.

The relations which the professions bear to society, what we may call the *public* side of their influence, are not less strongly marked and peculiar. The highest social interests are confided to their charge ; the dearest social blessings are received at their hands. The public civil power and value of the professions, we readily find, enhance in no slight measure the importance which they possess in virtue of their influence on the individual intellect. Observe here that the two values which we thus assign to the professions, are, in truth, but varying phases, so to speak, of the same influence. Private cultivation and public usefulness, in the ultimate analysis, unite in one simple essence. It is the law of the mental and moral world that the service given in true public spirit to society, returns again in amplest reward and with unerring certainty to the generous giver. Sacrifice is here the richest investment and philanthropy is profit. As varying means, therefore, to the same highest end of living, the professions under each aspect take their rank among the preëminent utilities. Under each aspect, both the foundation and measure of their true utility, like that of all things else, is the extent of their agency in promoting the highest interests of the individual and of society.

The special methods and more peculiar influences of the professions are now to be considered.

It must not be forgotten that there is, as it were, a *physical* side to the most liberal professions. There is a necessity with most men in the actualities of life, of making professional dexterity and handicraft the first desideratum. In the sharp conflict and rivalry of life, a degree of skill in mere professional manipulation is imperatively demanded.

The physical drudgery of a profession is immense ; and this is, moreover, the door through which most are compelled to enter. It is only when success or fortune enables one to cast it off upon his new or less fortunate brethren, that he can come into the higher and more ennobling work of his profession. In a large majority of cases, the entrance to a profession is marked by an almost entire absorption in narrow and manual details.

Mark now the influence of this initial fact. An ardent and generous mind trained under the influence of liberal and cultured preceptors, enters on the work of his life. His thoughts are of his profession as a comprehensive science, a philosophical evolution of principles or a vast system of public philanthropy. He dreams of high studies and deep discussions ; of profound analysis and wide generalization. But—a livelihood is to be gained for himself and perhaps for others ; perchance the cost even of his preliminary education is to be cancelled by the avails of professional labor. He cannot at once convert his high conceptions into bread or coin his pure tastes into money. He must turn away from their enticement and seek the lowest and most mechanical duties. He thought to be a philosopher and is forced to be a factotum. How strong the nerve and firm the resolve and inbred the taste which such experience does not crush and hight ! Worse, far worse for such a one, than the first shock of disappointment, is the subsequent gradual decay and loss of those high aims and enthusiastic purposes which were the spring and inspiration of former days. Better that outward success be forever denied him, so that he retain, if it be but the remembrance of his early dreams. Better, when we look at the true end of living, that he should be chained through life to the dull routine of his drudgery, if only there remain the aspiration for a higher life, than that material success should come, bringing with it the grossness of material aims. It is something, it is much for his spiritual elevation, if even imagination shall sometimes paint again the bright ideal of youth.

We do not intend to say that the first experiences of professional life uniformly or inevitably result in the loss of one's high purposes and aspirations. We speak only of imminent dangers and strong tendencies.

Let us now look beyond this initiatory experience, and view the professional man as he passes on in his work. Let him have escaped the first dangers and entered successfully the purer atmosphere of his profession. What now are the peculiar tendencies of his professional life against which he must set a constant guard ? It must be evident, in the first place, that *intellectual symmetry*, at once the finest result

and the indispensable condition of high success, is fearfully liable to be sacrificed in the ardor of professional studies or the pressure of professional labors. It is true that the individual is now working on a higher plane, and success here, of whatever kind, has in it much of nobleness; yet the danger is great that even now the best success will be lost sight of. The more resolutely one braces up his faculties and concentrates his powers on his immediate work, the greater the liability that one will lose a part of that intellectual integrity and comprehension, as well as that aesthetic element of taste and sentiment which is the last and fairest flower of the mind. The tone of his intellectual life will be sturdy and vigorous; but this intensity is too liable to eventuate in narrowness, and this sturdiness to degenerate into dogmatism. If left wholly to professional influences, peculiar habits of thought, peculiar mental dispositions and proclivities will be well nigh certain to warp him from intellectual fairness, from the noble catholicity of mind which is able to see every subject with a free and disengaged look. The very peculiarities of his intellectual life, which give him unequalled concentration and force, if unchecked or unbalanced, will cheat him of his best reward,—the wisdom of a mind at once harmonious and intense in its activity. Amidst the stern antagonisms and rivalries of professional life, the finer chords of his mental nature may never be struck; for there are tones too deep and too high to be called forth by the intricacies of logic or the subtleties of philosophy.

Man is the prisoner of his power. He only is truly free in his mental life who has become possessed of that serene and wise overlook which at once embraces all the relations and adjusts all the particulars of each subject. This is the highest result of intellectual activity; this is the true intellectual freedom. Is it not plain, however, that he who suffers the atmosphere and study of a profession to furnish his entire mental supplies, will fail to gain not only this freedom of mind, but will in a large measure disqualify himself for the most thorough grasp and mastery of his special professional work? With what ease and pleasure does the mind which possesses this clear insight and wide grasp embrace and retain the largest accumulations of details, when it has once connected them with a simple principle! With what freedom will that mind which rises to the discovery of causes, exert itself when no longer burdened with separate details or isolated facts! The dexterous manipulator is no match for such a man, for he has a skill which baffles all tricks and pierces through all feints. Thus the professional man, who consents to be circumscribed by the influences and demands of his profession, will never reach even the highest professional dexterity.

We have now before us, in some degree, the intellectual character of a man as moulded merely by his professional life. It will be admitted that such a character is radically incomplete. The crowning excellence of symmetry is wanting, while a vicious one-sidedness has been induced which puts in peril both personal success and public usefulness. It is equally manifest that we have here, notwithstanding this incompleteness, a strong and healthy basis for the most perfect development. We have disciplined faculties, intense though narrow activity, vigorous though partial energy.

It remains to answer the important question which must now arise, —What influences are suited and adequate to restore the mental integrity, to elevate dexterity into comprehension, to enlarge intensity into completeness? The answer is not difficult. Man has no proper wants for which there are no supplies. The means are equal to the end; the task is not greater than the strength. For each intellectual want and aspiration there may be full satisfaction and attainment.

The complement of the intellectual power which professional life alone develops, we believe, is best sought in what we denominate *general culture*. There may be a certain vagueness and difficulty of statement connected with the idea of general culture. It will not readily yield to rigid definitions: it has no fondness for precise statement; but its reality and the power of its influence are plain and appreciable facts. It consists, perhaps we may say, in the discovery and gratification of the wide affinities of the human soul; in intimacy with man in his historic and essential character; in familiarity with the range and variety of human endeavor and achievement; in the wisdom which comes of acquaintance with the world, with classes of society, with the high resources of literature, art and philosophy. The supplies of culture are varied and boundless. Beyond all things it is catholic in its spirit and methods. It finds attraction in all objects which express humanity and takes supplies from the infinite range of human interests. And all this wealth of acquisition is poured into the mind, to enlarge, to purify, to elevate, to give sympathy, balance, sobriety, richness, fineness.

Let us, however, for the sake of clearness, trace the influence of some of the special sources of culture.

1. Take the single influence of History; for culture finds no scanty source of supply in the recorded experience of the race. Let us reflect that History is the most comprehensive of all departments of knowledge. In its broadest relations, it includes all other branches of human inquiry, for it embraces all that man has said or felt or

done. History is interested, not in the individual with his narrow interests and feelings, but in the common humanity with its universal instincts and tendencies. It is the drama of mankind, the exhibition of the common generic nature of the race. It rejects everything that is local and individual, and records only that which, springing out of the race as a unit, has interest for all men. If, then, History is the manifestation of the *species*, its lessons and conclusions will have corresponding compass and generality. The errors of the single mind will be corrected. Under the influence of the historic spirit, his views and impressions will cease to be partial and one-sided, and become humane and general. It is the sentiment of the race, the verdict of the ages, which at last stands for truth.

Mark now some of the actual influences of Historical studies on the professional man. He is now raised to a loftier height than when he looked only on present scenes and duties. He is no longer the man of the time, but the child of the ages. He sees at once the vastness of truth and his own dependence on the entire race for its discovery and realization. Impressed with the immensity of the field of knowledge, the mind becomes self-distrustful and reverent; while the very vastness of his work becomes the keenest stimulus to enterprise. The merely professional mind, on the contrary, seeing truth from only one side, is apt to be empirical and dogmatic,—to deem its single glance at truth sufficient and to be careless to follow on,

“Along the line of limitless desires.”—

Such a mind will too readily find its center within itself, instead of looking beyond itself, in humble reverence, to find its true relations in the order of the universe. Looking, from force of habit, with intense vision, it will leap into errors which the judicial fairness and calmness inspired by Historical studies would have avoided. Contemplating only a single detached section of human effort, in its pride of imagined mastery, it throws away the key to knowledge—a reverent, reciprocal and docile understanding.

Observe further the effect of Historical study in stimulating discovery and opening the way to new advances in physical or moral truth. It has ever been the mind deeply imbued with the spirit of History which has struck out new lines for thought or disclosed new fields for inquiry. The mind which does not articulate itself upon the historic process and enter into the labors of all the ages, will be poor and unproductive. It is on the slow accretions of many generations and centuries of thought that the basis of new advances must be laid. The prophetic and anticipatory come as the fruit of acquaintance with

the realized and the past. Hence, though the professional man may be intense, he will be unproductive because he does not stand in the central position of History and avail himself of the truth which the lapse of time and the sifting of centuries has established. It was the study and the faith of preceding astronomers that enabled and inspired Le Verrier to make his immortal discovery. It was by musings on the narratives of former navigators that the faith which pushed Columbus across the Atlantic, was nurtured.

We might easily trace other special influences which Historical studies can hardly fail to exert, but it must be already sufficiently evident that they have a powerful tendency to correct the bias and remove the narrowness which we have found to characterize the professional mind.

2. Let us now turn for a moment to observe the influence of *classical literature* in supplying the deficiencies of professional life. And here we use the term in its widest meaning, as that "choice and selected product and record of human thought and sentiment" which, the earlier ages have bequeathed to us, or which our own age supplies;

"From Homer, the great Thunderer, from the voice,
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
To that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet tones of harmony that shake
The shores in England."—

The artistic effect of the study of this body of literature is too evident to need remark. There is also, we believe, a moral effect peculiarly fitted to the necessities of professional life. In every truly classical work there is a tone at once of power and repose. In the free and harmonious play of the powers, there is no effort or struggle; but the mind in its harmony and entireness moves on to the highest triumphs with calm and unhindered facility. We see brilliancy in union with strength; intensity joined with breadth. These are qualities which every literary production destined to become *classical* must possess; these are the conditions of perpetuity. They must so address the hearts and minds of men as to be perennial in their freshness and universal in their interest. But the qualities which they possess, they will in turn develop and foster in the mind which is imbued with their spirit. Those moods of mind, which have no deeper origin than the interests of the passing day and the biases of peculiar outward circumstances, will be dispelled under the power of the common sentiments of the race, of which classical literature is the fullest

embodiment. It is not within its own bosom nor from the productions of its own activity that one generation finds the sources and elements of its best development. In a real and profound sense, we are pupils of the past. The voice, the concurrent utterance of the ages behind us, must be our teachers. They must harmonize and liberalize by the universal experiences which they record and the universal sentiments which they express. Amidst the urgent and imperative duties of professional life, we forget that none but trivial and transient results will come from activity excited by local and temporary influences. To work intelligently and successfully even in the present, we must possess the spirit and energy and prudence of the whole experience and reason of the race. This it is the peculiar mission of classical literature to furnish.

3. Lastly, consider the influence of an acquaintance with Art, the spirit of the Beautiful, to soften the tone, soothe the irritations and enrich the spirit of professional life.

The influences to which we have before referred as beneficial to the professional mind, have been of a more stringent and sinewy nature. They are such as chiefly promote intellectual strength and compass. There is yet another side of the mental nature never to be overlooked, never to be undervalued. No proper conception of mental symmetry will omit the cultivating influence of Art and Beauty. Let us, however, be careful to assign them their true position and value. The True and the Good must precede and underlie the Beautiful. The tough sinew and strong muscle of intellectual life must be at once the security and source of all permanent grace and beauty. The empire of Taste must be subordinated to that of Reason and Truth. But, enervating and unnerving as the love of the Beautiful must be, when not engrafted on strength and severity of mental and moral character, its presence and influence are essential to a complete culture, to an entire mastery of our intellectual forces.

This influence in professional life has perhaps its highest manifestations in its power to break the fetters and throw off the restraints which professional duties alone would impose. Under its influence, the professional man gets free from his wonted trammels, feels within his soul the presence of a new power and awakes to a realization of the wondrous breadth and complexity of human capacities and affinities. It is thus a liberating power, an enlightening principle. It lifts the burden of grosser cares and duties, and we are admitted into the soul's rightful freedom. It unscales our eyes and we see beyond the narrow horizon of professional activity out into the boundless regions of human possibilities and aspirations and hopes.

Besides this general influence in enlarging the individual personality by the discovery of new and higher relations, the power of Art is seen, in a more palpable form, in the increase of *practical* power which it contributes to professional minds. Let us see how this is true.

Art has a close and intimate relation to Nature. Music, painting, sculpture, poetry, every work of Art, has for its object to transcribe and express external or internal Nature. It is when the Artist has communed with Nature until his inmost being is possessed and swayed by her spirit, that the work of Art appears which speaks to the universal race and lives as a positive power through all ages. It is through fidelity to Nature alone that a work of Art reaches the heart and affects the life.

It is plain, then, that by acquaintance and communion with works of Art, we learn to know and express Nature; we possess ourselves of the keys to the human heart; we are able to touch the springs of human action. From the study and communion of Art, therefore, the professional man returns to his distinctive work, not merely refreshed and repaired, but possessed of a new power to control the actions and guide the wills of men. He knows more fully the nature of man, and in the power of this deeper knowledge, his professional life becomes more successful and productive. Those moments of large and spiritual stillness, when the spell of high Art is upon him, will pour their rich influences over all his practical life. All the organs of his life will be attuned to the vast universal harmony of Nature, which unites him in friendly sympathies with all mankind. His eye will beam with the fascination of a new intelligence, and his tongue be clothed with a fresh and more magical eloquence.

We attempted at the outset of our essay, to state the true object of human life and activity as the ground and support of the opinions and feelings which we were about to express. We next discussed, with as much fullness as our limits would permit, the nature of professional life and the peculiar dangers to which it is exposed. Lastly, we have endeavored to show that in *general culture* we may find the most adequate defense against the evils of professional life, and to point out, by way of illustration, the more specific influences of a few of the sources of culture. If the vigor and intensity so natural to the professional mind, be elevated into breadth and comprehension and subdued into sobriety and reverence by the ennobling and purifying influences of culture; if, to the essential dignity and inherent power of professional life, there be added the wealth of refinement and wisdom which is disclosed on all hands to a thoughtful and earnest

mind, what nobler result or more lasting success to crown our intellectual labors? "Every man," says Lord Bacon, "owes a debt to his profession;" but a more sacred debt is due to himself and to mankind. It is not by intense activity merely, even in the best cause, that this debt may be most wisely and fully discharged. In an exquisite harmony and balance of his powers, man reaches his highest intellectual success. His *practical* power is then greatest; for, in the fullness of his knowledge and the breadth of his sympathies, his words are wisdom and his presence is power.

The Self-Made Man.

THIS ambiguous character it is proposed to discuss, and gain, if may be, some fuller understanding of his native and acquired merits. For, as frequently employed, the phrase is an uncertain one, being applied to men in all conditions of life, and with very dissimilar developments of intellect and heart; and it is, moreover, sometimes used, less with reference to the mind-culture, than to the external means used in obtaining it. Thus, evidently, for truth's sake, it becomes necessary to define this character with strictness and care. It may be well, in the outset, to clear all obstacles from the path and tell who a self-made man is not.

An individual who comes into existence, not in affluence but in poverty, who receives, as his starting capital, firm moral principles, good natural powers, and a sound body, and who, by patient and toilsome industry, at length wins for himself a high name and bright reputation—an individual of such a character, if he be styled a self-made man, is, we conceive, misnamed. Consider, for a moment, the strong influences that have been working on his mind, and how materially they have affected it. If he has "worked his own way through College," on such a man the literary activities of a College life, the weekly debate, the daily communion with the greatest minds of present and past times, all have a very marked effect. Consciously or unconsciously, his mind is moulded and impressed by others. For four years, his mind is under the continual control and direction of others, and he thus carries away with himself, from the halls of his Alma

Mater, views fashioned by the disciplinary College course. On the other hand, though he may never have entered the walls of an University, his mental powers may have been developed by a well-selected course of reading, as truly as by the closer and more critical intercourse in the recitation-room. His mind is shaped, in no small measure, by his favorite author, and his newspaper colors his political opinions. Of this latter character was Franklin. His mind was cultured, in an eminent degree, by a careful study and pondering of the classic authors of England. The discipline he gained was not obtained in the generous atmosphere of an University; but in the private room of a student, striving to overcome, by present application, past deficiencies.

But it may be said, that even admitting this, yet such a man is self-made, because he selects his own books, and thus becomes, partially at least, his own teacher. Yet this is not the fact. Such a person as we are endeavoring to describe, has a simple love of truth, as distinguished from a foolish desire of originality. One good book will invariably lead to others, and the influences thus started will cease—when or where?

Leaving now this negative defining, let us determine, more precisely, who a self-made is. He is one who boasts of having done all his own thinking, who decries that dependence on authority and example which is one of the surest safe-guards for a manly and upright character, both in religious and political life. He has solved for himself all the hard problems of Church and State, and has worked out, to his own satisfaction, the most complex intricacies of Law and Government; and with no regard to the opinions of others, announces his views and proclaims, as a virtue, that they are self-made, and entirely uninfluenced by those of other men,—wiser and better than himself, though this fact he would carefully conceal. In every emergency, beliefs which he has himself made, are propounded and urged loudly and impetuously. Such, we conceive, is a self-made man; a character totally opposed to a conservative. As indicated by his name, he is one who would hold together whatever of good the world may, in time past, have learned or achieved. He exercises the extremest caution in admitting new principles; he honors the great and good of past ages, and almost idolizes those who hold the governmental power with mildness and strength; he despairs of finding the *summum bonum* if it has not not been already discovered, but still esteems each age for the truth which it contains, while at the same time he deploras, with sincere sorrow, its mistakes and wanderings.

A self-made man is known by his intolerance. Though this may

seem strange, yet experience abundantly proves it. The self made man's opinions are all his own, and from one constituted as he is, nothing can be expected save low vituperation and bitter impeachment of motives. He speaks, in vaunting words, of a manly independence, while it can be easily shown, that he is himself a slave to appearances. Having given out that his views are views of his own thought, independent of others, he will endeavor to so carry himself before the world, that he will maintain the name of an independent thinker, and all the while he is in fear, lest some false step or unlucky act may impair or destroy his reputation. Thus every word and deed will be carefully scanned and subjected to a jealous scrutiny. And, on the other hand, mark the conservative. Here there is no vain originality to support; there is a willingness to say things that have been said even hundreds of times before; for it is truth; and to his mind truth, like wine, loses none of its force by age, but each year it becomes stronger and more enlivening.

It has already been remarked, that in the formation, his opinions were uninfluenced by those of others, and so, after they have been formed, he clings to them with steadfast tenacity. And if other views are being promulgated, if his own pre-conceived prejudices happen not to harmonize with them, he will frequently set up a vigorous opposition, if for nothing else than to preserve intact his reputation for eccentricity and oddity. In his eyes, one man's thoughts are as good as those of another, and, moreover, thinking is a common right, to be used according to each one's taste, like suffrage, and not an important duty, with truth for an object. And, viewed in this manner, it is the height of folly for one man to do another's thinking.

We have endeavored to point out the absurdity of regarding, as a self-made man, one who "pays his own way through College," or one who studies in the privacy of a poor man's room; while, on the other hand, we have tried to make stricter and juster in its application, the term "self-made;" and have endeavored to apply it to internal culture as well as to merely external means; considering a truly self-made man, as one who has done everything pertaining to himself, for himself, and by himself.

H. P. B.

On Reading Webster's Plymouth Rock Oration.

I.

When first their sail the Fathers furled,
 They deemed not that their deed should be
 A people's birth, nor that a world
 Should triumph in their victory ;

Cold was the wave before them flowing,
 Bitter the tempests round them sweeping ;
 Tears were the dew that wet their sowing,
 But joy the harvest of their reaping.

II.

Though ill was nurtured in the storm
 Of sufferings and of toils they bore,
 The good o'ercame ; their hearts were warm,
 Though hard and cold the guise they wore ;

Well shall a nations' love, still glowing,
 Guard them forever, calmly sleeping ;
 Tears were the dew that wet their sowing,
 Glory the harvest of their reaping.

Mitchell

Base-Ball vs. Boating.

It is now a little more than three years since the Faculty wisely abolished foot-ball playing ; a game, at its best, the noblest of athletic sports, but which, at the time of its suppression, had degenerated into a daily scuffle, an annual contest of brute force, between classes. Since that period, the exercise allotment of the students' time has been divided between Boating and the field sports of Cricket and Base-Ball. I propose to compare, in some measure, the two classes of exercise, and enumerate particularly some of the advantages of the Base-Ball System. It is evident to all that there is need of active *out-door* exercise in College, such as the Gymnasium, with all its conveniences, cannot supply ; exercise which, for its full and even medium effects, must be enjoyed in the open air. Which of the two systems, Boating or Base-Ball, will best guarantee to the larger body of stu-

dents such exercise? We claim that the Base-Ball system best subserves the interests of the Student in this respect, because, 1st, it is less expensive. The items of expense in College sports have, from year to year, been constantly increasing, till, at the present date, they form no small part of the four years expenditures. It is becoming to the student, then, and at no time more so than at the present, to retrench in every possible expense. Boating has proved itself an expensive sport. The necessary outlay for proper uniforms for a single barge, with its annual tax for painting, repairing, housing, is an outlay beyond the bounds of economy, to say nothing of racing shells, purchased at a fabulous price, and with corresponding expenses in flags, transportation of crack-crews, and racing expenses, even if we are fortunate enough to win the wager race, and steer clear of such disasters as have befallen us at Worcester. It is a *common complaint* of clubmen, that the taxes necessary to support the race-crew, are ruinous. The whole outlay, on the contrary, requisite in a Cricket or Base-Ball club, is clearly within the sporting means of all. The bases, bats, signal-flags, stands for umpire, scores, uniforms and all, are not costly, and even where the extra expense for grounds and storage is assumed, the taxes are comparatively light.

Not so at all. +

Another and more potent reason in favor of field-sports, is the reasonable amount of time they demand. Exercise for a student is indispensable, but it should be enjoyed as a means, not as an end. Sufficient exercise for the physical wants is unavoidable, but enough to interfere with the mental training is injudicious and injurious. It is desirable to make study the chief object, and exercise subsidiary,—not to make exercise of the first importance, and study secondary. It is one of the peculiar advantages of Cricket, or its rival field-sport, that they can be practiced at those odd times when nothing else seems appropriate; at the intermittent rests between recitations, when one wishes to do something, and is yet unwilling to give up a long period from his studies. These little vacuums of an hour, or of two hours, the boating system overlooks. To become a skillful oarsman, a student must devote a much greater portion of time, frequently infringing on the best half of his study hours. It is not the mere exercise of pulling round the buoy that eats up so many hours, though that, at the present distance of the boat-house from College, is no trifling demand in time, but it is the hour for Gymnasium exercise, the hour for the morning trot in great-coats, in the reducing process, the extra pulls for wind in the barge; all of these combined, which take away the best hours of the day, and all of this subsidiary exercise is demanded of

him who would hope to become one of the race-crew. The chosen few of the Base club, the "first nine" on the other hand, succeed to, and maintain that position without infringing on study hours, nor interfering with necessary literary employments. But it is objected to all field sports, that they are not so dignified as that pertaining to the yacht and race boat. It may be true, in this country, and we claim that they have not been fairly compared *and tested*. A great investment of money in any undertaking, adds a certain dignity, which it would not possess without. It is not the mere yacht, nor boat-race, that attracts the attention of the masses, but the money expended in such races. A horse-race is considered more dignified, more especially adapted to manly sport, than either, for, in races of that character, the stakes are the attraction.

Boating, in this country, is distinctively the exercise of the richer class: those who give a tone, a character to the projects with which they are connected; the field sports have not, as yet, the reputation they enjoy in England. There the Cricket is held in equal estimation with the Boating crew. The position of "first nine" of all England, is considered more honorable than that of the leading crew of the winning boat of the University. Here, Base-Ball takes the place, in some measure, of the Cricket club of England, and the base and bat succeed the Cricket club and Wicket. Beside, we have no advantages here at Yale for boating. Every one knows the peculiarities of our harbor, with its low tide and mud, its high tide, cross gales and deep seas, the inconvenient boat-house, quite a mile from College, almost another to the Commodore's stake-boat, on racing days, not to mention the poor opportunities for spectators, and consequent meagre attendance. High winds and rainy days, uncomfortably prevalent in this vicinity, are a decisive bar to boating. High winds and anything short of downright pouring, are allowable in the sports of the field. The Faculty have presented the classes in college with adequate grounds, and those of the City Clubs are often times kindly offered, securing positions at once economical and convenient.

We have endeavored to show some of the advantages of the field-sports, knowing well the utter distaste of students to undertake any kind of exercise except that which the enthusiasm of the moment presents, yet, may not an enthusiastic lover of field exercise hope that, with the decline or utter extinction of boating, a class of exercise may be more generally sustained, which reconciles a proper attention to study with itself, and may be enjoyed at less expense, with equal dignity, and with greater advantages.

B. C. C.

My Fleet.

I was sitting, idly thinking, by my fire this winter night,
Forming visions strange and ghostly in the weird fantastic light,
Building castles fair and noble in the boundary land of thought,
All whose walls and ancient turrets were of fabric fancy-wrought.

Yet though reared so grand and stately, block on block, with care and pain,
Spanish villas, moated castles, proudly rose to fall again ;
And from out the firelight coming troops and fairy phantoms seemed,
Soothing me with pleasant fancies till I fell asleep and dreamed.

By my feet upon the river silently came floating down,
One by one, a fleet of vessels, from the far-off busy town,
And I watched them passing onward till they reached the quiet sea,
Till I saw them grouped for starting, and the solving came to me.

As they passed me, each in likeness to the ones that went before,
Strange it seemed to see how varied were the passengers they bore :
Here came one with song and music, dances where bright Pleasure led,
While the next one's crew were mourners gathered round the coffined dead

Dropping slowly down the river how I watched them, when they lay
Waiting for the rest to gather in the peaceful land-locked bay ;
Watched them till a gloomy vessel came at last to take command,
And the favoring breeze came blowing steadily from off the land.

When at last the sails were loosened, anchors tripped and stowed away,
Then I saw the regal purple wrapped about the dying day ;
Cold and still his body from the shore on board was borne,—
Hoarsely came the order, "Hasten! we must anchor ere the morn."

So I understood the vision, truly pictured though a dream,
How the passing days like vessels, glided gently down Life's stream ;
And how Death, the mighty leader, took them under his command,
Sailing o'er the quiet ocean to the distant silent land.

Never knew I if I wakened,—never dream so faithful grew,—
Strangely twining with the fiction tendrils of the good and true ;
Still in sleep I seek the river, and I watch each bark depart,
Still I sit in patient waiting for my gathered fleet to start.

November 18th, 1861.

S. W. D.

College Anomalies.

CONTEMPLATE the human species, where you may, and you will hardly find another class so entirely anomalous as College students. For, not only as a class are they distinguished from all other bodies

of men, not only does each individual differ in a marked degree from his fellows, but he exhibits in himself methods and habits most peculiar, and often inconsistent. At one time, he is the most serious and reflective of persons; at another, he is altogether frivolous and inconsiderate. He is one person in College, and another out of it; and, in reality, acts as many parts as though College life were a play, in which the actors were expected to appear in different characters, as scene followed scene in rapid succession. For some of these anomalies we can give a reason; of others, we can say no more than that they are characteristic of student life. In one capacity, for instance, the student seeks improvement, in another, is equally intent on amusement. And since, to make the way more clear for his own amusement, he comes often to ignore the existence of any community, other than his own, some of his actions are necessarily obnoxious to those who do not so clearly realize the fact of their non-existence. Thus he will secrete the gate, tear down the sign, or make a general havoc upon the grapery of some unguarded citizen. And while the citizen, on the morrow, talks angrily of thieves and villains, and uses language far from complimentary to the occupants of the neighboring shrine of learning, the other party will, quite likely, try his power of argument, by pen or voice, to prove the claims of law and honor upon the individual. Nor does he for once realize the moral incongruity of the theory of to-day and the practice of yesterday.

Again, he is a student of language, and as such, strives to discover all its power and refinement. And yet words, which, as the vehicles of noble thought and sentiments, he is, at one time, accustomed to study and admire, at another, for the sake of mere amusement, he drags forth from their legitimate places in the modes of language, and thrusts them, most ruthlessly, into relations at once grotesque and singular, which are an utter profanation of all the sanctities of language. Of necessity, he understands the skillful and legitimate use of words better than most other people, and yet he employs, by an instinctive preference, set phrases and local cant, to an amount altogether incredible.

The student has, also, a profound reverence for high authority, and the associations of antiquity, wherever they inhere. As they are congenial to his pursuits as a scholar and seeker after all the truths of the past, it is but natural that he should, in his tributes to them, be eloquent and sincere. But he quite often makes mockery of all such veneration, when he can thereby subserve a tendency to satire and amusement. Relations, the most ludicrous and absurd, are sought,

wherein to set off these memories and personages of the past. When in this mood, antiquity is either provokingly slow or ludicrously fast, and great names are treated with the utmost familiarity. Just as if Socrates, Luther, or Burke, were sitting down to a free and easy converse with the student, and while enjoying the delicate aroma of a modern weed, should talk quite jocosely of the last lark, or other merry reminiscence. This is, to be sure, an exaggeration; but it is no more than an exaggeration, suggesting, as it does, actual characteristics which may be found, at one time or another, in the circles of student life.

We also observe the student, at one time, observing a dignity and manly bearing quite conventional, and at another, employing the utmost freedom and nonchalance in his intercourse, and throwing off and discarding all that reserve and formal ceremony which invariably appear among cultivated people in the outside world. In the presence of his instructor in the class-room, he is modest and diffident, to a marked degree. But, for this diffidence he extorts a rich reward, when those individuals in the College world, who are below him in order of time, concede to his claims of dignity and greater experience, and the world at large attribute to him powers and acquisitions which he never possessed. But when he is in the company of his fellow-students, who may with truthfulness be said to know him better than he knows himself, all such pretensions stand him in poor stead for the sober reality. And hence it is but a necessity, that he should here display a still different phase of action,—that only one which flows placidly with the general current of College life,—and so be at once natural and ingenuous. Thus the student is a sort of mental kaleidoscope, displaying to different persons, according to the stand-point from which he is viewed, a variety of characters, each symmetrical in itself.

I would mention still another instance of the incongruous nature of student character. It is the idea and wish of every student, that his College life should be as little alloyed as possible with anything that might mar its worth as a home of happy associations, and of a high social development. And yet, he is prone often to judge of actions and intentions with such criticism as could neither be prompted by friendship or charity. Intuitively quick to sympathize with those with whom he is brought in more immediate contact by the force of circumstances or of common sympathies, he is equally ready to make ridicule of the peculiarities or deficiencies of others. Thus the student exhibits the seeming paradox of being, of all persons, the most social and unsocial, the most charitable and uncharitable, and of friends, the most constant and inconstant.

And when we are called upon to explain these anomalies, which pervade a student's life, we can do little more than suggest that they are its regular concomitants. For, year after year, students at these shrines of learning acquire, it may be unconsciously, these foibles and contrarieties of habit and disposition; traits which are as distinctive as they are unique. And yet, when the student is merged in the citizen, they are immediately discarded or forgotten; for, when detached from his College associations, he is no more a student, but a citizen, in his sympathies and modes of enjoyment.

These anomalies may be traced, in part, to the fascination which lingers around College customs and associations, and into the spirit of which every student is anxious to be thrown. But, more than all, perhaps, they are due to that desire which he has to make his little world as distinctive as possible, and to impress upon the uninitiated, that he is, by virtue of his vocation, a peculiar and privileged character. Thus he makes it appear, that his College course, if it is not rendering him more learned and thoughtful, is at least making him different; and if he is filled with a conceit, still, that it is a conceit emanating from a higher source than any which is known in the outside world. And in these very relations, also, there is a palpable incongruity. For, while the student maintains that his College life is the world of action and sober thought in miniature, he meanwhile attempts, by all the force of his inclination and practice, to make it as dissimilar as possible.

Not to dwell longer upon the fact of the existence of such traits, we would consider, for a moment, their propriety and justifiableness. That there should be a peculiar constitution of society among a body of persons with the tastes, inclinations and social sympathies of students, is but an apparent necessity. But that this peculiarity should often be instrumental in stifling or repressing the higher and more regular objects for which he is struggling, is both an injustice to himself, and a perversion of his position. There are enough sources of amusement to satisfy the cravings of the most ardent and sociable disposition, which are yet perfectly congenial to the pursuits of the student. And whenever he resorts to those which are not thus consonant with the true student mind, he virtually stultifies himself, by impairing the acquisition of more sober hours. And this tendency is unavoidable. One cannot, by the very nature of the case, even in the capacity of a student, become a marauder of citizens' graperies, and deliberate purloiner of others' umbrellas and catalogues, and at the same time act and think with all the conscious rectitude of those who, though less

peculiar are more honest and appreciative of their general social relations.

Nor can he, who spends a part of his time to acquire the elegancies of language, and acuteness and vigor of thought, and who fritters away the rest in a conversation of a frivolous, or at best meaningless character, expect to derive that advantage which is to be obtained only by a uniform devotion to a constant end. Not that an effective pedantry or an offensive dilettanteism are to be desired in the conversation of the student, though even these would be more appropriate to the student mind, than the interminable small talk on local themes, and the gossip, jokes, and puns, which enter so largely into our conversation. But it is reasonable that it should not, at least, be inconsistent with the general drift of scholarly pursuits. It is not necessary, nor even proper, that the conversation in the social circle of the student should be at all times serious and instructive; but it should, at the worst, be rational and suggestive.

But the social anomaly is also, in some respects, exceptionable. Not that we would have College lay aside, altogether, those peculiarities which appertain to its social life. It is well that the character and relations of this system should be different from those of the outer world. We would have College life to be anomalous. But the anomaly should be unique, characteristic, and unalloyed with any unnatural element. A subject for happy reflection is furnished to us in the fact, that in the peculiar circumstances in which we are thrown, as students, we have the possibility presented, of making College a paradise of friends, and these four years an era of pleasure and golden memories. It is at once the peculiarity and the glory of our position, that the road which leads to greater acquisition and mental power, is broad enough for all, and that no one can further his own improvement by retarding that of another. There can, also, be no real increment of progress, in obtaining any College honor or distinction; because, at the end of one's course, they have entirely to be cancelled and a new career begun, whose process is too often acquired by victory of man over man.

If such then are the facts, is it not a gross infraction, both of our duties and privileges, to be greedy of preferments, which, since they can in no wise be regarded as stepping-stones to higher honors in life, have not even the excuse of a rational ambition? And, to be uncharitable regarding the peculiarities or capacities of others, because they are not of our clique or circle of intimate friends, is this not to generate mutual indifference or aversion, where, alone, the amenities of so-

cial life, unimpaired by any selfish reservations, should exist for all alike?

We would, then, have College to be life in miniature, so far as concerns the directness of its aims. The world of activity and progress, should protrude its shadow into our cloister-life, and warn us to be now, what we shall hereafter wish we had been. And, by the aid of that, we might, perhaps, surmise that much that is peculiar to our student life is worthless,—worse than that, pernicious.

And yet, we repeat, we would have College, in some respects, an anomaly. Anomalous in the ingenuousness of its social intercourse, and in having all the earnestness of practical life, with none of its uncharitableness or supreme self-preference. It should be anomalous, too, in having congeniality without deviation from rectitude, charity without obtuseness of judgment, and a morality that could be always pure, without being unduly austere. Then, indeed, the student would find himself in the midst of influences fitted to awaken and urge on the inspiration of both mind and heart. Then, also, in the highest and truest sense, our College life would be an anomaly, fraught with happy influences, and still happier affinities and recollections. M. C. D.

*And I mean to read "Child's Hamlet" & "The poem
into poems" "Child's Hamlet" & "The poem"
"Child's Hamlet" & "The poem" ?*

Battle of Ball's Bluff.

OH, where is the chieftain that marshalled this host?

Now the combat is o'er, now the battle is lost;

Does he live, when to die were such glory and gain?

Hush! hush now your murmurs! that chieftain lies low,

With his face to the heavens, his feet to the foe;

Like a warrior he fell in the van of the fight

When the torrent of slaughter rushed red on his sight,

And his form most advanced now is stretched on the plain..

Aye, well may the hero be robed for the grave,

In the folds of that banner he perished to save!

And well may a People lament o'er his bier!

Yet, BAKER, thy name on the current of rhyme

For a joy and a beacon shall float through all time!

Wherever the fame of this contest has flown,

There Glory shall follow and call thee her own,

And age after age shall thy virtues reverse.

Thrice blest is the memory of those that thus die!
 For Freedom shall point to the spot where they lie,
 Her praise to bestow and her debt to proclaim,
 And Glory herself shall repose o'er the spot,
 And forbid that their valor be ever forgot;
 While a nation in sorrow, with uncovered head,
 Shall stand on the field where her children have bled,
 And twine for her garland the wreath of their fame.

Though our best and our bravest lie stretched in their gore,
 And the hopes we had cherished shall cheer us no more,
 Though loud be the tempest, and dark be the stream,
 Yet freedom shall triumph—her star is not set,—
 Though dim, it shall light us to victory yet;
 Or failing of that, when it falls from the sky,
 Its last rays shall show how her children can die,—
 For life would be joyless when quenched is its beam.

W. H. H. M.

Charlotte Brontë.

A STRANGE and mournful interest will ever be felt by us all in that class of authors whose genius has been born into the world of letters, nay even, has been developed amid misfortune and sorrow. The recompense which we make by passing sympathies is truly meagre and trifling, by the side of that compassion which is due to these written records of the soul's trials, to this revealed experience of its bitterness and woe. The appeal must here be made to, and the response must come from, the lowest depths of the human heart. No fanciful picture, drawn in brilliant colors, which dazzle rather than attract, can ever move us; but it must be the testimony of a life-time, spent in struggling for the truth's sake, which will give rise to that enduring and unchanging sympathy, the beginning and the end of which we know not. The life of Charlotte Brontë was, it seems to us, such a continual sacrifice to duty, and hence her writings, which were but the transcript of her life, are calculated to deepen and strengthen the more serious part of our nature. Those dark and dismal scenes, which she has incorporated into her works, were not the affected creations of fancy, but so far are they realities in her life, that we may seriously question her power to go beyond experience, into the broader field of the imagination. In her own short, but eventful history, she found

burdens enough to bear, to make her life far more significant than those which are longer in years, and are spent in more intimate relations with society at large.

Doubtless Charlotte Brontë lacked in that knowledge of human nature, such as the world gives, but the heavy calamities which rendered desolate a happy home, gave her also an insight into the grander truths of wisdom, which make a life work an earnest devotion, and not a vain and hollow mockery. The strong bond which united the members of the Brontë family to one another, enhanced the sad character of their misfortunes. Isolated, almost from the world and its society, they learned the bitter lessons of human experience in its darkest form. The cheerless appearance which the exterior of the little parsonage at Haworth presents, would seem to warn one of the seclusion which prevails within its uninviting walls. Without it, on every side, extend the bleak and dreary moors of Yorkshire, which seem to have attracted, by their very barrenness, the revengeful, passionate, and time-serving class of men who inhabit them and cultivate them. Thus, to a disposition naturally prone to excitement, circumstances added their weight, with so much force, that the miniature society of Haworth parsonage was a necessity, as well as a choice. The strong and holy sympathy which existed here, though often broken in upon and narrowed by death, seemed like a kind spirit whose province it was to re-animate the recollection of the dead, and to raise up the tribute of a feeling heart to their memory. Schooled in such sadness and sorrow, Charlotte Brontë drew, with the delicate touch of a master hand, those shades of character, which appear to us so vivid and bright, when illumined by the reflection of her own suffering. But we are told that Charlotte Brontë has grossly misrepresented the true spirit of Christian character; that she has mingled religion with other elements, in strange incongruity; that she has distorted the moral and natural impulses of the heart; that she has disregarded the artificial rules of criticism, in making principles and motives, grand in themselves, and not mere ornaments to be seen only in the borrowed light of external circumstances. Can that, however, be called an act of impiety, which consists in implicitly receiving the sad lessons taught by the hand of Providence? Is it an offense against morality to reveal the dark and hidden passages of a life's struggle? Is it a breach of the laws of genuine and unperverted criticism, to substitute the true for the ideal? If so, then has Charlotte Brontë erred in all these respects. What we shall find, however, to commend most in her works, is, not the artistic arrangement of the plot, nor the brilliancy of studied

rhetoric, but it is the strong, deep, and irresistible tide of feeling and emotion, the impassioned tones of a living voice, speaking to us from every page.

Charlotte Brontë's entire life was one of self-education. From childhood it was pervaded and enlivened by singleness of purpose. All things directly tended to develop that character which has been so unreservedly disclosed in her writings. It is but just, then, to inquire, in general, what was strongly marked and distinctive in her life; and how far these peculiarities enter into her works.

A most noticeable feature in the history of Charlotte Brontë, is the controlling power of her imagination, and the peculiar tone which it gave to her life and actions. Her thoughts were those that belong to a truly poetical mind. But, strong and irresistible, they could not submit to be regulated by the fixed laws of verse. To this cause is to be attributed her failure in poetry. System and analysis only subdue and restrain the natural forces of genius. "As the imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown," so, also, poetry can only materialize, by "giving them a local habitation and a name." It was the strange spell of a strong imagination, free and unrestricted in its exercise, which, in its workings, is manifest throughout the whole life of Charlotte Brontë, and is seen in every work of her hand. From it were constantly being evolved those weird forms, which will linger forever in the mind, when once their counterpart has there been seen. They come not to us in the open day, nor amid the violence and destruction of a great calamity, but they are borne on the wind, seen in the dark, still hours of the night, and linger over the bed of the sleeping, or the grave of the dead. This habit of "making out," as it was called by Miss Brontë, exercised an inappreciably great influence on her life, often occasioning those gloomy and sad passages in her history, which make her life seem a continual dream, an unfathomable mystery. By an unreserved indulgence of this propensity, she has received almost unlimited censure from those who, without the explanation which her private history has since afforded, were wont to attribute this peculiarity to an over-weening desire for effect. But her imagination was ever teeming with supernatural and ghostlike forms, which are so artistically and naturally made a part of her novels, that they vanish before our gaze, elude our grasp, and haunt the mind thus made unsatisfied and curious.

In the inexhaustible resources of her imagination, Charlotte Brontë found those agencies which give a distinctive character to her writings. We are not astounded, as we here read, by the sudden inter-

position of a fearful catastrophe, which solves the issue, and removes the intricacies of the story, but strange and spectral shapes here and there arise, which swiftly glide before our vision, and as quickly fade away, when the allotted task of their silent mission has been performed. In this respect her works present a marked contrast to all the fiction of this day. The reflex influence on the mind of the reader, when it awakes to the fading delusion is, perhaps, extremely bad. But we may safely assert, that the weak and timid by nature are the only persons who experience these evil effects. That peculiar feature of the modern novel, which consists in the introduction of supernatural agencies, and in the violent disposition of events, is not only, to many writers, necessary, as mechanical device in the construction of a story, but also seems essential to the renewal of that excitement and interest which is so loudly demanded by morbid states of the mind. The words of Charlotte Brontë mock our credulity in no such way as this, but, like all fiction, they abound in those peculiarities, the necessity of which will never be realized by those whose only business it is to criticise. The employment of every conceivable agent, to assist and enliven the attention, may be, in itself, a vicious procedure, but it is singularly unjust to charge on all authors the voluntary and unreasonable use of these licenses, when the occasion for such use exists in society itself.

Charlotte Brontë, in the delineation of strong passion, stands preëminent among the novelists of this century. As in woman's nature the deepest passion exists, so by woman's hand alone can it be adequately portrayed. The emotions and feelings of the heart are by her depicted as flowing in a strong, resistless current, which sweeps away all the barriers interposed by the will, and bears all the impulses of the soul amid the deep tide of passion to their destined end. The spiritual part of woman's nature has rarely been realized even in the greatest efforts of master minds. The picture drawn by their hand pleases, and to a certain extent charms us, but in its artificial finish, in the studied and formal conception of character, there is found wanting the ennobling influence of commanding passion, and the mellow light which is shed from the pure divine qualities of the heart itself. The power to delineate passion, like the art of painting, is given in its highest excellence, to a few only, among the many who pretend to its possession. The harmony and agony of the soul are beyond the vision of all save the genuine sight of truest genius. Here the play of the passions, like the grand tones of music, is at one time wild and impetuous and then, delicate and subdued, they die away amid the joys of

their consummation. In all the great characters of Charlotte Brontë's novels the history of a mighty contest is revealed. The imperious nature of Shirley gives away under the influence of an unrelenting passion; the unfortunate Rochester and the friendless "Jane Eyre" are subject to the tyranny of the same power. These are not merely the wonderful creations of genius, but they are vivid and impressive in themselves, because they are built up in truth and are formed from actual experience. In convincing and moving others we must first be convinced and moved ourselves.

The attempt made in "Jane Eyre" to set at naught the "accepted canon" of novel writers, by making the heroine humble and unattractive, was an exhibition of the remarkable sincerity of Miss Brontë's whole life. Her love of the true, like her love of nature, was profound and genuine. The power of a novel does not consist in the perfection of its models or in the hideous character of its caricatures. The talent of Charlotte Brontë was not, in its nature, adapted to distinguish those peculiar traits which make character noble above conception, or mean beyond endurance. Her holy respect for truth presents a strange contrast to that desire for reform, which manifests itself in those soulless and shockingly unnatural characters which are so abundant in modern works of fiction. The tender and divinely pure emotions of a child's nature were to a certain extent also unknown to her. Would that it were possible for us and the teachers of mankind to see in the simplicity and unfaltering trait of unperverted natures the reflected light of heaven, which tells man his duty and his destiny as truly as the waves in their sad notes told little Paul Dombey of the eternity beyond! The strong passion of our poetry and fiction serves only to satiate the unhealthy desire for the marvelous, and does not rebuke the dark sinfulness of our daily life. More reforms in men and in society have been wrought through the instrumentality of those characters, to which the soul feels itself united by the bonds of a common nature, than by the host of caricatures which flatter and please the vanity of mankind. The novels of Charlotte Brontë, while they abound in the delineation of the stronger and all absorbing passions of the human heart, are free from this excessively unjust and false representation of character. They do not trifle with the great and significant life-questions which are ever rising up in the future. Did she wish to give us a true idea of religion and godliness, it would not be by a character of obsequiousness and hypocrisy, ever telling us what christianity is not rather than what it is, but the simple and good man of faith would be placed before us, in whose mouth is the

constant supplication for his enemies, the unceasing cry for mercy, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

The novels of Charlotte Brontë occupy a position in English literature from which they can never be displaced. As means of reform, their value is slight, but as the faithful representation of a sorrowing and afflicted heart, their power will ever be felt by those whose life is involved in darkness and gloom. It seems as though it were the province of poetry and fiction to renew and strengthen that bond of human feeling which unites all mankind. For through the ages those have risen up, who, like the appointed guardians of our better nature, have so struck anew this chord of man's sympathy that it vibrates in every living heart. Let us all receive in kindness the lessons thus taught in faith, lest in our perverseness we curse that which was sent as a blessing.

W. L.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

WE have very little Memorabilia to record this month. Some will complain because we have not filled out seven or eight pages with descriptions of College customs and doings. We should have been glad to have done so, but facts are facts, and no-facts are no-facts. The past month has been a season of quiet in the College world, and we have only to record the Annual Regatta, a description of our Thanksgiving Jubilee and of the Sabre and Sword Presentations. As a kind of compensation, however, we have added to our Memorabilia a Letter from the Seat of War, that may perhaps be of interest to some of our readers.

ANNUAL REVIEW AND REGATTA OF THE YALE NAVY.

The following statement of the facts of the races of both days have been furnished by the Commodore.

The 9th Annual Regatta of the Yale Navy took place on Saturday (25th.) An only partially successful attempt was made to have the regatta on the Wednesday previous. The Commodore's boat, with the Judges, was on the ground at the appointed time, and the shore in front of the Pavilion was lined with spectators. The first race was to have been between the shell boats, but the Judges, after awaiting their appearance for the space of an hour or more, observed certain stalwart men upon the shore among the spectators, undoubtedly the crews of the long expected shells. It was immediately surmised that the crews had been afraid to take out their boats, owing to the roughness of the water, and had therefore made for the Pavilion by the over-land route. Upon hailing them from the Commodore's boat, such was found to be the case, though they had not, it seems, thought it necessary to inform the Judges of the fact.

The barges now took their places for the race. 1st, Nixie, having the inside place; 2d, Cymothoe, (Varuna Club); 3d, Glyuna. It is sufficient to say of this

race, that it was closely contested by the Cymothoe and Glyuna, the Glyuna being ahead, until they fouled one another, within a hundred feet of the Commodore's boat, on the home stretch. The Glyuna was ruled out for taking such a course as to interfere with that of the Cymothoe several times; the Cymothoe fouling at a time when it might have been prevented, was also ruled out. The Nixie came in late, but reaching home before the Commodore's boat had left the ground, claimed and received the prize. Her time was incredible.

On Saturday, however, the race of greatest interest, that between the shell boats, took place, together with the general review and drill. The prizes, according to custom, were offered by the Senior Class in College. As the barge prize had been awarded on Wednesday, the prizes offered on this occasion were two, one of \$15.00, for shell boats, and one of \$5.00, as a drill prize—the winner of the shell race to be also possessor of the champion's flag. The Varuna being disabled by the loss of one of her crew, the boats entered were the Glyuna and Nixie, the Glyuna having the inside place. After the first start, the two boats came so close to one another as to be obliged to stop rowing, doubtless the fault of the Nixie. At the second start the Nixie led, but the Glyuna showed fine steady pulling, such as is seldom seen in the excitement of a start. They kept almost side by side, until after the first half mile, when the Nixie began to draw away from her competitor, and turned the buoy a length or two ahead. On the home stretch, the distance between the boats was steadily increased, the Nixie coming home in 19 minutes and 17 seconds, the Glyuna in 20 minutes, 25 seconds. The falling off of the Glyuna was unaccountable. Both the training of her crew, and the strong even stroke shown at the start, gave good promise. The fact that one of her crew sprained his arm, after pulling the first half mile, has perhaps something to do with it. The following are the names of the Nixie, now the champion crew of the navy:

GEO. L. CURRAN, *Stroke*,
THOMAS B. HEWITT,
L. O. PINNEO,

CHARLES M. GILMAN,
M. M. MILLER,
L. A. STIMSON.

The review took place before, and the special drill for the prize, after the race. For the review, five boats were drawn up in line, and went through the evolutions with comparative success. The orders were signaled from the Commodore's boat by colors, the coxswain of each crew having a printed list of the significations of the colors. If there was more spirit among the clubs in preparing for this drill, the 18 or 20 boats in the College boat house, might furnish a sight well worth seeing. The success this year, however, was more encouraging than formerly, owing to the accuracy of the coxswains in observing the signals.

The prize was contended for by only two boats, the Varuna and Glyuna. With their drilling we have no fault to find. The Glyuna showed great proficiency, but the drill of the Varuna was perfection. The manner in which the order to "stow" oars was executed, was most admirable. In every movement the six oars seemed to move by one impulse. In taking the prize, the Varuna has only sustained the reputation which she gained last year, at which time also she wholly surpassed every competitor.

We give the names of her crew:

E. T. MATHER,
E. POMEROY,
H. BUMSTEAD,

A. V. CORTELYOU, *Coxswain*;

E. MACOMBER,
A. D. MILLER,
M. H. WILLIAMS.

Considering the difficulties attendant upon this occasion—the distance of the boat-house from the racing grounds, causing the crews to be very tardy—the rare coincidence of good weather and good tide, the regatta may certainly be considered an unusually successful one. The crews were promptly on hand, the race fairly contested, and the weather and tide were all that could be asked. The distance rowed was 2 9-10ths miles.

THANKSGIVING JUBILEE.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers a description of the most brilliant and interesting comic performance that Yale has witnessed for a long series of years. Certainly all the oldest inhabitants of our College community, all the resident graduates and tutor-ship expectant theologues, and all the life-members of Yale agree in declaring that the other Thanksgiving Jubilees of previous years are completely cast in the shade by this most successful jollification of Wednesday night. Indeed it is impossible to imagine how a greater or better quantity of fun, of unalloyed nonsense, could have been epitomised in one evening than was presented for our amusement on that occasion. In all similar performances we have attended here, there have always been more or less failures—more or less parts wretchedly acted. Either we have been surfeited with perpetual doses of nigger minstrelsy, or sickened by ridiculous sham prize fights, or tortured with barbarous attempts at music, or by some other great failure have had the joyousness of the occasion seriously marred. But on this occasion, both the white and the black, male and female, tragedian and comedian, orator and musician, actor and manager—all without exception carried out their respective parts with complete and remarkable success. There was nothing poor—there was nothing ordinary—it was a dish of cream, and that of the richest quality.

The programme was as follows :

1. Overture by the "Yale Tooters."
 2. Opening Load.
 3. Censor's Report.
 4. Music.
 5. Play—"Wanted a Widow."
 6. Music.
 7. Play—"The Fifty Sons-in-Law."
 8. Music.
 9. "Thanksgiving Oration," by an Unknown Orator.
 10. Play—"The Dutchman's Ghost."
 11. Music.
 12. Shakspearean Recitation, by Miss Cushman and Mr. Booth.
 13. Music.
 14. Play—Limerick Boy.
- Finis.

We will briefly speak of each exercise in order.

The "*Opening Load*" was decidedly original and well carried out, to the entire satisfaction of the audience in general, and, we think, of one of the actors in particular. The "*Censor's Report*" was a peculiarly felicitous combination of irony and humor—every allusion was a successful hit, and nearly every word concealed a joke—the whole forming a kind of mirror in which many had a fine opportunity to see themselves as others see them. The play entitled "*Wanted a Widow*," had a fine plot, and though not quite as humorous as some that succeeded it, was yet very warmly received. The "*Fifty Sons-in-Law*" was the most successful caricature

that we have seen in College, and reflects great credit on the genius or geniuses who first conceived it. It was a three or four edged sword, cutting in every direction. The "*Thanksgiving Oration, by an Unknown Orator*," was a brilliant medley of philosophy and nonsense most artistically combined, and delivered with a grace and variety of gesticulation that at once enchanted and convulsed the audience. The play of "*The Dutchman's Ghost*" was decidedly comical. The difficult character of Hans was finely acted. The "*Shakspearean Recitation*" was a very judicious variety, calculated to relieve the spectators exhausted by long and boisterous laughter. The acting of *Lady Macbeth* was really the most successful performance of the evening. The play of "*The Limerick Boy*" was very properly reserved for the last. Though neither the play itself nor the individual acting were equal to some, portions of previous farces, yet it was the most thoroughly ludicrous throughout the most uniformly sustained of any.

Of the music by "*The Yale Tooters*," we can not speak in too high terms. It appeared all the better in contrast with the extempore orchestras of previous years. We hail the accession of this new feature of College social life, and most heartily wish the Tooters God-speed.

The new arrangement of Tickets of admission is a decided improvement—a change necessitated by the limited capacity of the hall. We cannot conclude without expressing, in the name of the College world, our warmest thanks and congratulations to the Jubilee Committee, individually and collectively, and likewise to all the other actors and participants, for the very rare entertainment they afforded us.

SABRE PRESENTATION.

On Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 12.30 P. M., we had the pleasure of witnessing another Sabre Presentation on the green, in front of the Lyceum. These Presentations have come to be quite common with us, thus evincing at once our patriotism and our liberality. The honored recipient on this occasion was Mr. Erastus Blakeslee, of the Junior Class, who has recently received the appointment of second Lieutenant of the Connecticut Cavalry.

Mr. H. M. Whitney presented the sabre in an earnest speech. The reply of Mr. Blakeslee was very affecting, and we can not doubt that he will prove good his promise, and "strike all the harder" for the memories of Yale and '63, when he plunges into the bloody encounter. It is sometimes remarked that these Presentation scenes are almost too common with us now, but we must remember that to the individuals immediately interested, these testimonials of regard and sympathy are none the less valuable, none the less sacred.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that Mr. Blakeslee was promoted to the Adjutancy on the very day on which he received his sabre.

Mr. Atherton, of the same class, has recently received the appointment of Lieutenant in the Conn. 12th.

Sixty-three is doing nobly for the Union; cheerfully giving up her best and noblest to fight the battles of liberty.

SWORD PRESENTATION.

On Monday, Dec. 2d, Mr. M. M. Miller, of the Class of '64, was presented with a Regulation Sword by his Classmates. The Presentation Speech was made by Mr. M. H. Williams. The same evening Mr. Miller left for the West, where he is to be either Lieutenant or Captain of a company.

LETTER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Arrival at McLellan's headquarters—McLellan's private life—Graphic description of the great General in his every-day life—Plan of the campaign—Visiting among the soldiers—Great rise of the Potomac—Skirmishing—"Yale Lit." among the soldiers—Capt. Wilkes and the next Presidency—News from the Yale boys in Camp.

FORT LOOKOUT, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
YESTERDAY MORNING.

DEAR LIT,

I left Fortress Monroe before I came here, and arrived here in good health, subsequently to my departure from the Fortress.—In my last communication I hazarded the prediction, that the war would not close before the end of October at least; I am now more than ever inclined to think my prediction a true one. I have enjoyed myself marvellously, since my arrival, in conversing with the Cabinet, dining with the Foreign Ministers, inspecting fortifications, and so forth.

General McLellan has treated me with great respect since my coming; indeed, when he heard of my arrival, he summoned me at once to his headquarters, where he had dressed himself in a full suit of broadcloth, to receive me. What made it most remarkable was, that at the time of receiving the telegram announcing my coming, the rebels were attacking Washington in full force. But he left all and came to greet me. His conversation is made up principally of talking. In stature he is not as tall as some of a greater height, nor as short as those of more diminutive proportions. His eyes are in the front and top part of his head, and just above his nose, which is just below and between them. In talking, he opens only the lower jaw—never the upper, except on State occasions. There is something Napoleonic in his very breath—you are conscious, as you smell it, that it comes from the innermost recesses of the man. McLellan usually sleeps with his eyes closed, and rarely ever arises before he wakes up. He snores violently when he sleeps. In this respect he is like Alexander, Cromwell, Fremont, and Captain Wilkes. I sat up last night, just to hear him. It was really inspiring—there is something Napoleonic in those long, awe-inspiring sounds. But oftentimes he does not go to bed, but sleeps in his saddle, while inspecting the troops, thus saving time and bed-clothes. In diet he is remarkably abstemious, never eating anything before the food is brought on to the table, and always rigidly leaving off when he can swallow no more. In drinking, he is equally temperate—though I have been here a week, I have not seen him intoxicated more than three times. To me he expresses his mind very freely, because he says the "Lit" is the only paper he can trust. He likes your criticisms on the War—says he will be guided by them implicitly, as General Scott told him

he ought. He disclosed to me last night the whole plan of the campaign. I would like to tell you, I ache to tell you, but the public safety forbids. Perhaps I may safely hint that the general idea is, to collect, and go on collecting a grand Army on the Potomac, and on the Mississippi, until the number shall be sufficient to join hands and form a circle all around the Southern Confederacy—then drive them in and force them to surrender, or starve them to death. The artillery will be planted on the summits of the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and will pour down shell upon the Secessioners below. He thinks they could thus be brought to terms in three centuries at least. Meanwhile, the Fleet will go into Winter quarters in Baffins Bay. By the way, another Fleet sailed yesterday, under *sealed orders*, to proceed directly Southward until further orders, and then to go immediately to some Southern port, by way of the East Indies.

I have visited among the soldiers a great deal—they are all happy, and enthusiastic—they are resolved, to a man, that the conquering party shall be victorious in the coming battle.—They are abundantly supplied with everything except food, clothing, reading, and shelter.

The Potomac rose yesterday a good deal—caused some alarm—a Cabinet meeting was called at once—after four hours consultation, it was decided that the rise in the river was owing to the increase of water from some source.—Military men generally agree with the decision, except McDowell, who thought it was because the river was in a hurry to get away from the scenes of bloody strife. Moreover, a large number of pontoon bridges are now being constructed, so that the federals may at once cross the river, and retreat to Canada, in case the rebels should see fit to make an attack.

There was a terrible skirmish here last week—about fifty thousand on each side. The rebels poured in shot and shell into our ranks for three or four days—we replied with derision and musketry.—It is estimated that the rebels must have lost rising one hundred thousand. No one killed on our side, except three sutlers, who were temporarily frightened to death.

By the way, I forgot to tell you the "*Lit*" is taken here, among all the camps. They don't like the other papers. "They are d—d Abolition and sensation papers." "Give us the '*Lit*,'" they all cry, when the news-boys come around—"give us the '*Lit*.'" You can't imagine what a rage there is for your paper. They sell at terrible rates. They cut up each number into a great many parts, and sell out or exchange these parts.—The Memorabilia part sells best of all, except the Editor's Table, Essays and Advertisements. One poor fellow, half-frozen to death, pawned off his overcoat and shirt for the third page of the cover, containing Kingsley's clothing advertisement, I suppose it warmed him just as well as to have the clothes—and in addition, his mind was improved.

That Mason and Slidell affair was one of them, wasn't it? President Lincoln said, he always expected they would be intercepted, if Capt Wilkes ever succeeded in bringing them to this country. They all say, here, that Capt. Wilkes is a second Napoleon. They say that great

blood runs in his veins—he is descended from the king of Paradise himself—the great Adam, who founded this terrestrial dynasty. He will, undoubtedly, be nominated for our next President, unless *England* insists on ousting out Victoria and making him king instead. If England does insist on that, we shall have to yield, for it would be contrary to international law for us to resist.

There are a great many Yale boys here, and are all in good health and spirits. They all say they like camp-life much better than College-life, because they are not obliged to attend Chemistry lectures, and are not compelled to waste Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. They all say they will return, unless they remain where they are. They are nearly all enlisted for three years, or for the war—especially the former.

I shall probably be the author of the next letter you receive from me.

Yours heroically,

MENDACIUS TRUTHTELLER.

Since receiving the above brilliant and interesting epistle, the following telegrams have arrived, from which each one can pick out the news to suit himself.

TELEGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE!

Balloon Reconnoissance.—Arlington Heights, 12, midnight, rainy, squally, sleet and mud, dark as pitch. A magnificent reconnoissance is this moment being made by Prof. Lowe, in his old balloon, *The Ascensionist*. He yells out that he can clearly see the entire rebel force stretched out, basking in the sun-beams, all the way from Manassas to New Orleans—about *nine millions of men*, with abundance of rum and tobacco. McClellan expresses himself well satisfied with the reconnoissance.

BATTLE IMPENDING.

4 A. M. Rumors of a Rebel Advance. Military men believe it. McClellan has ordered each man to take in his knapsack rations for "three years or the war;" and to stand with his gun aimed at Washington. The Artillery are being planted in the bed of the Potomac. The fate of humanity and your correspondent hangs on the issue.

4.15 A. M. Everything quiet along the lines. Rebels have fallen back to the Gulf of Mexico.

5 A. M. The same continued.

IMPORTANT RUMOR!!!

Just as we are going to press, information reaches us from a fearfully *reliable* source—too reliable for us to doubt it unless it is untrue—that Jeff. Davis has stated publicly in Washington, that the *Southern Confederacy* cannot succeed in this war—that England and France will unite within sixty minutes, and enforce and strengthen the blockade—acknowledge the independence of the *Northern States*—and that peace will probably result unless the war continues. We have no time for extended comments on this rumor. All we can now say is, that if the report is *not* a *true* one, then Victoria and her Cabinet must be ousted out of their positions and others procured who know their duty better.

Editor's Table.

WE have now arrived at our *Editor's Table*, and we are rejoiced, for we trust that we have, at least, left criticism behind. Our first article and the *Memorabilia* will be severely dealt with. Every fault, every mistake, every omission, every commission will be noticed and criticised by some one of the four or five hundred readers of the *Yale Lit.* But we are inclined to think that very few ever read *Editor's Tables*, so there is no danger that many will take the pains to sneer at these lines we are now elaborating.

How is it? Are these *Tables* ever read by the College world? How many will ever know that this question is asked here? And how many after they have glanced at these questions will take the time to peruse the subject matter of the following pages?

The remark has sometimes been made, that in these *Tables* there is not enough substance, not enough strength, not enough solidity. It is said they are mere attempts at wit—filled with poor jokes—loosely put together—disjointed—nonsensical. But now if we should fill these pages with logic, close reasoning, sound argumentation, would any one ever be profited thereby? Probably, no one. But this time we shall attempt some method, shall venture upon a logical division and arrangement.

We shall divide our *Editor's Table* into FOUR HEADS, with APPLICATIONS. Each Head will be amplified in a careful, scientific, and scholarly manner.

Our *First Head* is the FRESHMAN CLASS.

What are they doing? They are busily engaged in *two* things. First, they are choosing their Class Motto. We understand they have not yet made a selection. Well, it is a very difficult thing to get a motto both original and appropriate that will suit the majority of a Class of a hundred. Let not the members of '65 be discouraged. Other Classes have experienced the same annoyance. We recollect that during the first term of our Freshman year we handed in twenty mottoes before the Class—even took the pains to write them out on the blackboard and explain the meaning and purport of each one. The Class were perfectly satisfied and rejected them all in a heap. We next went to our respected Greek Professor, gave him this idea in English, "*All Friends of Each*;" then we gave him a translation we had made of it in Greek, and asked him if it was correct? "Yes," he replied, "perhaps it may be about right, but I should rather think a Greek would look *wild* at your rendering." We looked wild for a moment, then requested him to express the same idea in a phrase of his own? He looked in the dictionary a moment, then forth from his brain, *Minerva*-like, there sprang this beautiful and euphonious motto—*Ἐκάστῳ σύμμαχοι πάντες*. Secondly, the Freshmen are preparing for the Term Examination. Very well, let them do so; they will never work so again in all their College course.

Our *Second Head* is the SOPHOMORE CLASS.

What are they doing? They are doing *two* things. First, they are *not burying Euclid*. We are glad that there is at least one hiatus in these celebrations. They have always been a disgrace to College, and the nineteenth century. We trust that the omission of it this year will be but the beginning of an eternal interregnum. Secondly, they are *studying Mathematics*.

"What blissful hours we once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!"

when we used to groan in body and spirit over those long tables of Logarithms—comparing wrong answers to problems—repeating parodies on the Formulae and breathing the exhilarating odors of the Mathematical room! But still we lived through and came out in our right mind. The Mathematical studies of Sophomore year discipline us in seven ways. 1st, They learn us how to divide labor—sorting out the problems to the different occupants of an entry. 2d, They learn us adroitness in skinning. 3d, They learn us to cultivate the graces of Patience and Hope. 4th, They learn us to hate all Mathematics. 5th, They learn us the art of asking assistance and also of receiving it—thus cultivating at once brass and benevolence. 6th, They learn us the art of rapid and desperate copying of illegible figures. 7th, They make us more social—especially before recitation time—just the hour when we are too much inclined to make monks of ourselves.

Our *Third Head* is the JUNIOR CLASS.

They are doing *two* things. First, they are continually *asking if the next two terms will be as easy as this one?* We here reply that the second term will be easier than the first, but that the third term will be as hard as the second is easy. They are to each other in inverse ratio. This dispensation is very wisely ordered, for we all know that July inclines us to study much more than January. Secondly, they are beginning to enter Society. For particulars we refer to the individuals themselves, who are just entering New Haven Society.

Our *Fourth and last Head* is the SENIOR CLASS.

They are doing *one* thing—they are *studying Chemistry*. The delights of this study are wisely reserved for the Senior year, when the mind is expanded and disciplined so as fully to enjoy it. It has a great many advantages over the other studies of the year. 1st, We have time and opportunity to be very thorough in it. Just think; we have a course of fifty lectures, and two recitations every week. 2d, The study itself is beautifully simple. The wayfaring man though a fool, may not err therein. There are no matters of doubt connected with it—the subject is an old one, and is now fully understood by scientific men. 3d, We have the privilege of taking notes in the lectures. This is indeed a great privilege. In other studies we are compelled to give our attention to the instructor—in this we have the opportunity of taking legible and valuable notes on the subject from the text book, while the teacher is lecturing, without having our minds distracted by anything he is saying. We thus are heaping up a great assortment of note-books that will be gold to us in future years. Of course these notes are all preserved—some are bound in gold. 4th, It is a study of intense interest to all. It is indeed very pleasing to observe the enthusiasm with which all the Class enter upon it. The recitations in the other departments are sometimes poor and sometimes good, but here they are always uniform. The clearness and brilliancy of the answers to the questioning is only excelled by the readiness of facility with which the *stoichiometrical* problems are performed at the board. Indeed, so great is the interest felt in it by the Class, that they have resolved, to a man, to take a review of the whole subject at the end of the term, and give a digest of their knowledge of the subject to the Professor—each man individually for himself. This action of the Class cannot fail to be very gratifying to him. This intense interest in Chemistry is also manifested by the bearing and conduct of the Class in the lectures. As a general rule, in oth-

er departments we usually sit perfectly quiet, and are apparently lifeless, but in the Chemical Lectures our enthusiasm knows no bounds, venting itself in original and peculiar ways—such as involuntary throwing up of cards in the air, extemporaneous manufacture of spit balls, pulling each other's hair in paroxysms of joy, and even showering down packs of cards on the Professor's head after the performance of some brilliant experiment.

The applause is unbounded—sometimes continuing at intervals during the entire lecture. The Professor has repeatedly expressed himself highly pleased with the enthusiasm thus displayed, and once went so far as to say that if it continued there would be no further need of his lecturing, for the recitations would be sufficient. Two or three, who were quite prominent in these displays of zeal and enthusiasm, he has honored with a private interview.

Some members of the lower classes may read and be fascinated by this description, and may thereby be influenced to hurry up and study Chemistry for themselves. To such we would say wait, wait. In due time ye shall have the opportunity, if ye faint not.

And now for our APPLICATIONS. We have *three*. 1. The Freshmen will be Sophomores in less than twelve months, if they succeed in getting through this term's examinations. 2. The Sophs will be Juniors next year if they pass Biennial, even though they take no prizes in Composition. 3. All will have the opportunity of studying Chemistry before graduating.

It is good skating this morning—we would very much prefer being on the ponds to writing here. No doubt our readers would also. A pleasant vacation to you all.

Our next number will be issued the first of February. There is never any January number.

EXCHANGES.

There are lying on our Table, The New Englander for July and October, Harvard Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Nassau Literary, Harper's Magazine and Weekly, and Williams Quarterly.

We have just received from a member of the Junior Class, a Number of "*The University Independent*," published at Ann Arbor, Mich. This is the first number issued,—it is to be followed every three months by one of like character. The article on "*Secret Societies*," is the most prominent of all. The author attacks them without mercy. In the midst of it he states that it is "impossible for him to go into the details." This is very unfortunate. He could perform no more valuable service for humanity than to detail the enormities and barbarities of these "nests of iniquity," if they are half as bad as he represents. We trust that in the next number he will find time to make his detail.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The rejected articles of this month will be promptly returned through the Post Office.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are very grateful to the College world for the liberal and hearty support they have given to the YALE LIT. for this year. We have succeeded far better than the "stringency of the times," gave us reason to expect or hope for. But still very many *subscriptions are yet unpaid*. We are compelled to *pay our bills from month to month*, and to do this we earnestly request all who have not paid, to do so at once, or *before they leave town*. This number has been purposely delayed so as to give ample time to all to procure their money for their term bills.

RATHBUN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

COAL & WOOD

OFFER FOR SALE THE BEST VARIETIES OF

LEHIGH,

LACKAWANA &

SCHUYLKILL

COAL!

AND THE CELEBRATED

Franklin Coal

FROM LYKEN'S VALLEY,

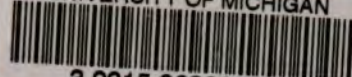
FOR STUDENTS' USE.

Of which they have the

EXCLUSIVE SALE.

Offices, } 135 State St., Opposite Quinpiack Bank.
 } East Street, near Grand.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 06830 5906

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commenced with October, 1861. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a Volume, payable in advance. Single numbers, 25 cents each; for sale at 34 South Middle.

Back numbers of the Magazine can be obtained at the College Library.

* * Contributors are requested to forward their articles *through the Post Office*. Please inclose the name in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is used. No article can be published unless accompanied by a responsible name. Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.